

CANAAN AND CARDIGAN.

A Delightful Resort, and a Grand Old Mountain.

While there is no considerable section of New Hampshire destitute of many attractive features in natural scenery, there are some sections whose beauties are far more generally known and appreciated than others. The White and Franconia mountain region, and that around and about Lake Winnipiseogee, are generally well known to the people, not only of the state but of the country at large, and their charms have been the subject of comment and discussion for years. Other localities, like that of Moosilauke mountain and Sunapee lake, have been coming into prominence of late, and will, ere long, rank among the most popular resorts of the tourist and pleasure seeker; while others, still, no less worthy, remain generally unheralded.

That section of the state, traversed by the Northern railroad, between Franklin and Lebanon, with Webster lake, and Kearsarge and Ragged mountains at the east, the grand summit of Cardigan towering in the north, and the silver surface of Mascoma gemming the landscape in the west, with scores of lesser heights, and smaller lakes and ponds adorning the intervening region is really among the most charming portion of New Hampshire, so far as natural beauty is concerned, and the time will doubtless come when it will be more generally appreciated in this respect.

For a quiet summer sojourn, in a region of great natural loveliness, the town of Canaan affords every essential requisite. Located fifty miles above Concord, it is reached by a two hours' ride over the Northern road from this city, or in forty minutes time over an eighteen mile route from White River Junction. Canaan Street, so called, two miles to the north of the station in the lively village of East Canaan, is very beautifully situated. The air is delightful, the views of surrounding mountain ranges most charming, while the outlook upon Heart pond, or Crystal lake, near whose shore the village is located, adds an enchanting water view to the general loveliness of the scene. There are many spacious old residences along the street, which is lined with handsome shade trees. Here is also a comfortable summer hotel, while many private dwellings are occupied as summer residences by city people, Judge Caleb Blodgett of Boston, of the Massachusetts superior court, who is a native of the town, being among those thus locating their families during the warm season.

Three miles out from East Canaan, near the border of Orange, and well up on the western slope of Mount Tug, is the Jerusalem Spring house, a comparatively new summer hotel, under the management of Mr. E. B. Hibbard, who was the landlord of the Winslow house

on Kearsage Mountain during the seasons of 1883 and 1884, and has had an extensive experience in the hotel and boarding business. This is Mr. Hubbard's second season at this house, which is now in complete readiness for this season's entertainment. The house itself, which with its thirty-three spacious sleeping rooms, affords ample accommodations for fifty or more guests, is one of the most substantially built, finely finished and comfortably furnished summer hotels to be found in the state. The chambers are all furnished with fine wool carpets, handsome hard wood chamber sets and the best of mattresses. The rooms are high posted, the windows large, and nearly all commanding excellent views. The large farm connected with the house furnishes an abundant supply of fresh vegetables, eggs, milk, berries, etc., for the tables; while the superior quality of the water, which comes from the spring for which the house is named, located on the mountain side a hundred rods above, and carried, both hot and cold, to every floor of the house, adds one of the chief attractions of the place. This water, which is delightfully pure, cold and clear, possesses superior medicinal virtues, and is pronounced preferable to the famous Poland Spring water as a specific for kidney and liver troubles, while perfectly agreeable to the taste of even the most fastidious.

Considering the quiet and retired location, with the beautiful scenery, the health-giving properties of the water, the excellent appointments of the house, the considerate attention which the guests are sure to receive and the very moderate rates of board charged—from seven to nine dollars per week—all but a few of the larger rooms being placed at the former figure, no more favorable place can be found in this or any other state for a summer sojourn, for a long or shorter period, by those seeking rest, health and recreation, than this house affords.

Mount Tag is a fine eminence, whose summit is attained by a walk of about three-fourths of a mile from the Jerusalem Spring house. It is about two thousand feet above the sea level, and commands a beautiful and extended view to the north, west and south, the eastern prospect being shut off by the rugged form of old Cardigan, looming up grandly to the sky three miles distant. Cardigan is one of the really noble mountains of New Hampshire, and should be more generally visited by the lovers of the Grand and beautiful in nature. It is the highest mountain in the state south of Moosilauke, with the single exception of grand Monadnock,

overtopping Kearsarge by some two hundred feet, and lacking only fifty feet of the altitude of Monadnock. Judging from its rugged appearance the observer from a distance would ordinarily infer that the ascent is difficult. Such, however, is not the case. On the contrary, it is more easily made than that of either of the other mountains just named. A carriage road leads to within a mile and a half of the summit, and the remaining distance is made by a comfortable foot path through the light forest until the bald mass of rock (porphyritic gneiss) which constitutes the summit is reached, and over this the way to the highest point is made with perfect ease.

The view from the summit of Cardigan is one of the most satisfactory to be had. Though not embracing so broad an extent of settled and cultivated country as that from Kearsarge, the lack in that direction is more than compensated by the rugged grandeur of the immediate mountain scenery, and the more commanding view of all the great northern ranges; while the charming picture spread out at the east, with the silver waters of New Found lake in the fore front is unsurpassed in beauty by any mountain view in America. In short, the individual who imagines he has witnessed the most that New Hampshire affords in the way of attractive mountain scenery, who has not made his way around Cardigan and looked off from its summit, is a very mistaken person.

In company with William Little of Manchester, the well known mountain enthusiast and historian, and John M. Mitchell of this city, the writer recently made a trip to this attractive point. Arriving at Canaan on the afternoon train from Concord, we were just in time to reach the Jerusalem Spring house in season for tea. After a refreshing meal, a visit to the spring and enjoyment of the western landscape from the broad piazza of the hotel were in order, until the cool evening breezes rendered the spacious parlor, with its cheerful wood fire, a more pleasant retreat. The following morning opened with the sun obscured by clouds; but, there being no probability of rain, it was determined to set out for Cardigan. The jaunt was taken on foot, and largely "across lots," a detour to the right, by way of the Orange meeting house being made, to avoid some of the intervening activities. The entire distance around, including the ascent of the mountain, something over five miles, was easily made in about three hours.

The clouds had largely disappeared during the forenoon, and, although the horizon was not left entirely unobscured, a very excellent view was gained in all directions. Two parties of four each were upon the mountain during our stay but the number of people visiting it is far less than would be the case were its merits more generally known. On the return trip the route was taken over the entire range of Mount Tug, including the southern and northern summits. From the latter, as has been said, an excellent view of Cardigan itself is obtained. Upon the northwestern slope of Cardigan, looking down from Tug, appears the old homestead farm upon which Hon. Daniel Barnard of Franklin was reared.

After another night with "mine host" Hibbard, who landed us safely at the station in East Canaan by a half hour's drive in the morning, we took the 8:10 morning train for Concord; but the general beauty of the day and the rare clearness of the atmosphere tempted us to stop off at Potter Place and make the ascent of Kearsarge via the Winslow house. Space only permits the mention of the fact that a most perfect view was obtained from this noble Merrimack county lookout, which was enjoyed to the fullest extent. After dinner at the Winslow on the return, we reached the station in season for the five o'clock train into Concord, and arrived home, conscious of having crowded as much of the enjoyment of nature's beauty into the space of two days as can be secured within fifty miles of Concord, and nothing better can be found anywhere. If this be doubted let the doubter make the same trip under equally favorable circumstances and he will be convinced.